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THE
P E A C E
O F
E U R O P E.

A
Congratulatory P O E M.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*.

— *Pacisque imponere morem.* VIRG.

By Mr. *SEAGRAVE*.



L O N D O N :
Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane.
M.DCC.XXXII.

[Price 6d.]

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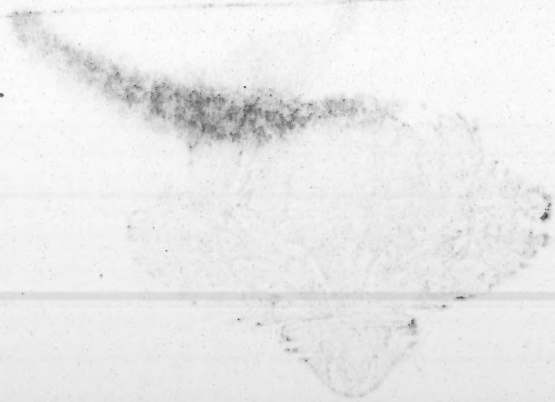
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Sir ROBERT WALLPOLE

— Poëtic impromptu

By Mr. S E A G R A N N E



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TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, One of His
Majesty's most Honourable
Privy Council, &c.

S I R,

IT is evident to every impartial
Examiner, that the Naval Power
of *Great Britain*, attended with
happy Councils, has effectually establish'd
the Tranquility of *Europe*. An Event
which fixes to this Kingdom the Repu-
tation of holding the Ballance, and
equally casts an indisputable Lustre up-
on the Virtue, and Abilities, of His Ma-
jesty's Ministry.

WE

DEDICATION.

WE have seen, indeed, the Publick Stage cover'd with Arrows, the Efforts of a disingenuous Faction, against a Person too eminent, and too successful in his Country's Service, not to contract Envy. But when Difficulty, and Opposition meet the Genius of a finish'd Statesman, far from being injurious, they illustrate the more the Superiority which defeats 'em, and administer a Part in the Day of Triumph.

I have the Honour to be, with all the just Sentiments of Deference, and Regard,

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

R. SEAGRAVE.



THE
P E A C E
O F
E U R O P E.

WHILST guardful BRITAIN with Majestic
Care,
Awes restless States, and smoothes the Surge
of War,

Whilst Eligible Peace, and Public Right,
Torn from the Doubts of Fate, attract your Sight ;
Natives, review the glorious Toil ; Intent
What Laurels your returning Sails present,
And one FREE-ISLE controuls the Continent:

BUT first, from far the yielding Landscape trace,
And range the various Triumph in its Place.

IF distant Coasts, lash'd by a wintry Tide,
 Where dreary Nations vet'ran Strifes divide,
 Survey your floating Terror's warlike Train,
 When in dread Pomp it sweeps the BALTIC Main,
 Such Arbiters the list'ning Wilds obey,
 The Victors measure back the liquid Way.
 The wand'ring RUSS restrain'd, affects no more
 To pour Distress on SUECIA's bleeding Shore,
 Or SLESWIC's trembling Strand ; His Rapines cease,
 And yield the fainting NORTH to balmy Peace.
 Th' unequal Tribes a springing Vigour warms,
 Screen'd from descending Wastes, and Giant-Arms.

RESEARCH the potent Rule the DANUBE laves,
 And measures wide with his Imperial Waves.
 Here with rash Flight the AUSTRIAN Eagles rise,
 And wing their Thunder to the Southern Skies.
 In dread Suspense attentive Nations hear
 The changeful Import now of rushing War,
 Now mediated Peace ; as mock the Eye
 Æthereal sportive Forms, or we descry

In the prophetic Tube a rising Scene
 Now of black Tempests, now a fair Serene
 But last, at BRUNSWIC's Call this Wrath retires,
 And all the visionary Flame expires.
 BRITAIN's extensive Fleet, and BRUNSWIC's Sway,
 Divide with CHARLES the Empire of the Day.
 To shun the Vengeance of the wastful Sword,
 Obsequious, IT'LY bows to a new Lord.
 GERMANIA's honour'd Head with wise Recourse,
 Concedes to Friendship, what he grudg'd to Force;
 Fill'd with the ready Fame his Arms entail,
 When down the ISTRIAN Flood his Battles fail,
 Or when the faithful Legions EUGENE calls
 To TEMISWARE, or BELGRADE's conscious Walls.
 When ASIA's Slaves the Field of Action dare,
 An easy Spoil regales the Sons of War.
 But diff'rent far the Chance of BRUNSWIC's Hand,
 Whose sceptred Honour boasts a free Command.
 How war the FREE, immortal Annals show,
 The Annals an ARCH-DUKE rejoic'd to know.
 New Times may crown the Friendship those began,
 And bid resistless Glories bloom again.

THE wily GAUL (in vain the Bar essay'd
 Athwart his Views by wilyer Councils laid)
 Untaught the Thirst of univerfal Sway,
 Ascends at last to Fame a generous Way.
 Not thro' the blushing Field of ghastly War,
 O'er Piles of wretched Vict'ry, ever dear,
 But by a juster Track, no Stain bewray'th,
 Constancy, Prudence, and reproachless Faith.
 FLEURY's mild Genius, and the Calm of FRANCE,
 With golden Suns distinct, and balmy Trance,
 Descending Times shall mark with stronger Praise,
 Than all the numerous Acquests she surveys.
 The Warrior's Victory few Periods know,
 But Virtue's genuine Gifts the last will show,
 When Wars shall sleep, and the RHINE cease to flow.

PERHAPS AUSONIA's Machiavel's behind,
 Wrapt in the Maxims which divide Mankind,
 Affect a diff'rent Toil ; no breathing Age
 Except for ITALY from ROME prefage.

A vet'ran Wound that stings her mindful Breast,

And darling Cares this once to View confest.

A threat'ning WANDERER these Regions own,

Whom guileful Dreams precipitate to roam,

The fabulous Monarch of a shadowy Throne.

Still on his Path the Forms of Mischief wait,

And urge the restless Error of his Feet.

Whilst in his Front, not ev'n to Art subdu'd,

Are read Revenge, false Zeal, and endless Blood.

So when some COMET's baleful Lamp appears,

Scatt'ring strange Radiance thro' the wond'ring

(Spheres,

In oblique Track it thwarts the starry Frame,

And wildly drives a solitary Flame.

The regular Worlds the monstrous Neighbour fly,

And the tun'd Circles loath the Enemy.

The nodding Portent vengeful Wraths inspire,

Nations dread Plagues, and the World's Globe a

(Fire.

OTHERS accept the smiling Gifts of Peace,
 As Trances leave 'em, and big Passions cease.
 SPAIN, whom the Bowels of PERU obey,
 And the wide Tribute of th' unsetting Day,
 If happy Freights her annual Keels unlade,
 Had vow'd to a new Friend the finewy Aid.
 But the sagacious Fates her Pray'rs arrest,
 And bind on distant Shores the glitt'ring Pest.
 At length indulg'd in vain. A chilling Space,
 And Years unblest'd the mangled Scheme deface.
 In vain indignant Rage her Sons transports,
 T' essay her Arms at alienated *Forts*.
 GIBRALTAR still is *English*, still unfold,
 Alike impervious to her Arms, and Gold.
 Wild she assumes the glossy Robes of Art,
 And fondly labours an illusive Part.
 Wrapt in ambiguous Sounds, and doubtful Phrase,
 She mocks the tortur'd Globe with dark Delays.
 BRITANNIA's floating Terrors rows'd once more,
 Now frown superior from the cliffy Shore.

The pointed Thunders grumble, and from far
IBERIA's Harbors sicken at the War.

Once more convinc'd, the haughty Nation bends,
And in the generous Enemy marks her Friends.

Lur'd by strong Interest, she last relies
On that resistless Arm to reach her Prize.

Grac'd by the sovereign Masters of the Main,
Now CARLOS sparkles on the watry Plain.

The Strifes of Pomp attend. The wafted Band
Pour'd from the trembling Barks advance to Land,
And kiss HESPERIA's long-disputed Strand. }

THESE, envy'd BRITONS, the decisive Views,
O'er EUROPE's wide Expanse your FLEETS diffuse.
Gay Smiles of vivid Light, or pensive Shade,
Start thro' the Landscape, and the Tracts invade,
As your auxiliary Friendship warms,
Or Terrors visit in vindictive Arms.

SUCH ROME of old in Rank Imperial shone,
Such her AUGUSTUS fill'd the beamy Throne.

The

The Guard of Virtue's Cause her *Senates* fought,
 Nor judg'd the Laurels too severely bought.
 Her just Decrees, by distant Tribes allow'd,
 Erected Princes, or chastiz'd the Proud.
 The wond'ring Lands her conscious Name rever'd,
 Or ask'd her Friendship, or her Vengeance fear'd,
 Whether for Peace, or War, the pondering Fates
 (prepar'd.



F I N I S.



